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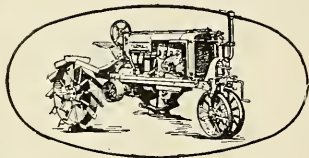
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LOUIS SCHLESINGER
Chairman of the National Board

LOUIS SCHLESINGER was born in Newark in 1865, and has been a resident of that city all of his life. At an early age he entered the employ of the City of Newark; and later was assigned work with the Newark Aqueduct Board, a position he continued to hold until his resignation in 1890, when he entered the real estate and insurance business. In 1904, with Morris Rachlin and Leser Lehman, he organized the Union Building Company, which constructed the Union, Essex and Academy buildings. Seven years later the firm of Louis Schlesinger, Inc., was formed, in which his two sons are associated with him.

In the activities of the Hebrew people of Newark, Mr. Schlesinger has played an important part. He is particularly interested in the maintenance of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum and is a director of the society governing it. He also was formerly a member of the Board of Trustees and Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Congregation B'nai Jeshurun, and was a chairman of the Building Committee under whose direction its handsome new temple was erected. He is a member of the Executive Board of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations and Chairman of the National Board of State Directors of The National Farm School.

These are only high spots relating to the career of a modest man, whom it has been my privilege to know intimately for many years.

Had he done nothing more than his constructive work for The National Farm School, the results obtained would alone merit your esteem and appreciation. During our Jubilee Campaign, the object of which was the raising of funds necessary for maintenance and improvement, he graciously accepted the Chairmanship of the Newark Drive, which resulted in the city going over the top of their quota, which was \$35,000. The collections made in much larger cities were far below this amount, and Newark, N. J., stood almost at the head of the list.

In all other lines of endeavor, he has been a worthy and helpful supporter of your School; hence, after the demise of our good friend, Uncle Abe, he was appointed National Chairman, a big job as head and adviser of our 125 State Directors.

HERBERT D. ALLMAN.

ALUMNI

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE NATIONAL ALUMNI ASSOCIATION:

During your last Annual Alumni Meeting at Farm School, a very good suggestion was discussed, resulting in a resolution by which your Association agreed to gather names and photographs of the School's graduates. This was officially reported to our Board of Trustees, as a very constructive piece of work. We hope you are meeting with success, and that the subject will be re-discussed at the forthcoming meeting in July.

Your four Chapters, now very much alive, have made progressive strides, mainly for the purpose of aiding your Alma Mater. Such cooperation is greatly appreciated.

Those who visit the School today, cannot fail to appreciate the great progress made during the past few years: The comprehensive building plan now is complete; successful and practical changes made in school administration; the faculty strengthened and enlarged; the full coordination of Alumni and School; the purchase of high-bred Guerneys, Ayrshires, Jerseys and Holsteins; attention given to the selection of students by the President and Dean; more selectivity, because of a waiting list of applicants, most of whom are high school graduates; the erection of the Farm Mechanics Building, equipped with modern traction machinery, forge and woodworking classrooms, giving students a training in these important branches. With the accomplishment of these betterments, we must still push forward. To stand still is to retrograde.

Admittedly, all our grads are not in agriculture. Nevertheless, many have developed as successful and worthwhile citizens. To a man, they give full credit for their success to The National Farm School, where they had the advantages of studentship during their formative years. From now on, more of our energy will be devoted towards the fundamental purpose of the School:—"Giving worthy city boys an opportunity to train in agriculture free of charge to the end, that they make some branch of this noble industry their life work."

When discussing the results of our work with Dean Goodling and Sam, they often assure me that many grads not in touch with the School are in agriculture, but through lack of interest on their part, occupation and address are unknown. Here then is an opportunity for practical aid from you.

One of Philadelphia's representative Jewish philanthropists, Mr. Louis Wolf, Past President of the Jewish Federation and Trustee of The Welfare Federation of Philadelphia, formerly held the opinion that but a few of the graduates remain in agriculture. He was like the man from Missouri—"Show me." We accepted the challenge, and made several interesting trips with him, the Dean and Mr. Schlesinger. He has, however, since making these tours, voluntarily sent us a letter, of which we are proud. He has been

"shown" and is convinced we are doing a worthwhile piece of work, therefore has no hesitancy in commending the School at length. This means much: We not only gain his support, but that of many of his friends. Obviously, such additional supporters are most welcome.

Space will not allow going into details of these trips of almost a thousand miles, but because of their interest, the salient points are briefly outlined:—

We personally met Harry Weisman, '29, highly spoken of by his employers on the Tunney place of 125 acres, at a salary of \$65.00 and found.

Fidelgoltz, '29, a fine husky, having tramped the streets of New York City for four weeks, and finding no employment, gladly returned to his vocation, accepting a position on the Oakdale Dairy Farms, at a salary of \$65.00 and found.

At the Norristown Asylum, we were entertained by Mr. Chapman, the Superintendent, who drove us over their 1200 acres, most all under cultivation. Here we met Mr. Ibaugh, one of our very first graduates, occupying the Position as Superintendent of Farms, at a good salary. Under him, were two of our '29 graduates, Jung and Essrig, earning good salaries, highly commended by Ibaugh and Superintendent Chapman. Since that visit, I regret to announce the death of Mr. Ibaugh, but we are pleased to tell you that Jung has been advanced to the position of Assistant Superintendent.

At the Many Springs Farm, a beautiful showplace, we met Nerlinger and Houget, each earning \$75.00 a month and found. Supt. Ray Williams spoke highly of both these lads. Houget worked here in order to earn more money prior to entering Penn State College, as the successful recipient of the Louis A. Hirsch \$500.00 Penn State Scholarship.

On the Tryween Farms of some 1000 acres, another successful showplace, we met graduate Fred Weigel, their capable manager for many years, at a high salary, including a beautiful home on the place.

Our second tour started on the Gen. Trexler Farms of over 10,000 acres. In addition to large productive orchards, dairies and cash crops, they include wild deer and a beautiful herd of almost extinct buffalo. We heard through one of Pennsylvania's outstanding Farm Managers, Mr. Fenstermacher, very good reports of graduate Zwaaf, of the Class 1930. His sub-boss also spoke highly of him. Gen. Trexler owns another farm of 20,000 acres, and is interested in our School.

We visited Chapel, Pa., rather difficult to find, where we met young Pollachek of '29, well satisfied, earning a good salary, working hard, as he had to in order to handle 90 acres without assistance, but he was doing it well, as vouched for by his employers.

At the Allentown State Hospital, a noble institution, beautifully situated, we were entertained by Dr. Klopp, who spoke highly of our boys and spent several hours with us, visiting their outlying farms. Here we meet Greenbaum of '28 earning a good salary, well pleased with his job. In conversation with their Farm Manager, we were surprised to learn they had another of our grads there—Namen of '28. Here was a typical case of a lost student, substantiating the assertions made by Dean Goodling and Samuels, "That often our boys are in agriculture, when we have no record of their whereabouts." Namen found this job himself.

If, through your efforts, more of these lost sheep can be found and recorded it will be most heartening to the cause and should be helpful to them. With your new comfortable home and beautiful surroundings, you have a selling argument—an inducement to have every grad of good old N. F. S. join your ranks. Let us all pull together to keep graduates on the farm. This is your school and ours—we are proud of it.

Our third trip was to the Southland. We met Al Brodsky of '30 employed on the greenhouse ranges, operated by the Dingee and Conrad Company of West Grove, Pa., leading and oldest rose growers of America. It was interesting to go through this extensive plant. Here Brodsky has a great opportunity to major in practical floriculture. His Brother Abe of '30 is employed at the Mayfair Nurseries, Bergenfield, N. J. As these lads become proficient in their jobs, their combined knowledge—nursery and floriculture—will give them an ideal background to start for themselves, after accumulating sufficient capital. They are both earning good wages.

We also visited the Conowingo Hydro-Electric Plant, a stupendous piece of engineering, and spent a little time at the famous Tome Prep School of Maryland.

Then to the show-place of Senator France, Mount Ararat Farms, near Fort Deposit, Md. Here we met Supt. Perry, who spoke in the highest terms of Shipman, Seipp and Werrin, all graduates of 1930. This farm is not only beautiful, but commercial. They specialize in milk served to the neighboring consumer, the product of some 165 high-bred Guernseys; one of the bulls of this herd is valued at over \$15,000. The lads are nicely housed, earning good salaries and are happy in their environment.

The Dean, Sam and this office continually receive interesting letters from grads working on farms and ranches at far distant points. One received this morning from Jack Turan, is very interesting. He is working on a forty-thousand-acre ranch between Houston and Galveston, Texas. Here the real cowboy, versus the drugstore type, is in charge of thousands of steers and herds of deer. Four thousand acres of land are under cultivation. Jack is in full charge of the owner's beautiful lawns, gardens and greenhouses, including a swimming pool on the grounds, adjacent to his home. On the place are thousands of chicks, ducks, geese, turkeys, pheasants and what-not. He is now incubating peacocks, and about to start beehives. He loves his job, and says the boss allows him to go as far as he likes in improving the place—Selah!

Lahrer, '30, writes from his Oakfield, N. Y., dairy job, "The work is much harder than my well-spent days at the School."

We quote a part of his letter in full, as it shows manliness and pluck: "If the job had not been as good as it is, I might have quit, but I figure no matter how many good times I had at the School, if I don't stick after graduation, it would mean three years of my life wasted—three years my people kept me while I might have been earning, besides wasting the three-year free school scholarship."

Roth, '30, writes from the Bristol, Connecticut, Nurseries: "I am going strong, like my job and have already received an advance of \$5.00 per week. He adds "Now about the School—from the bottom of my heart I can say

there never was, nor I do believe there ever will be three more wonderful years in my life than those spent at the School. There is no question as to the good it has and will accomplish, and I make a pledge right here, that if some day in some way I can repay what it has done for me, I shall never let the opportunity go by. A student must get on the outside before he realizes the value of his Alma Mater."

Baron, '30, from a dairy in Warren, Minnesota, writes he has it so well on his job and things run so smoothly, that there is no chance to start up his fiery temper. He is in charge of a large herd of cattle. We quote him: "Plenty of work, eh! but I am ready for it. This is a man-sized job, as you know. However, I can handle it, because of my training at The National Farm School. I knew what to expect when I came here."

Campbell, '30, on the Silver Brook Fruit Farms, Phoenixville, Pa., has two men under him to take care of 80 acres, including dairies and orchards. He likes his work and earns good pay.

Kogan, '30, writes at length from Richmond Hill, L. I. He is sticking to his job, over which he is not enthusiastic, but is looking around to better himself—finds the place pretty well run down—managed along unscientific lines. He induced his boss to put in a bookkeeping system, and give more attention to spraying.

Kogan's boss, however, has a high opinion of this grad, for on June 9th he voluntarily writes the following: "Young Kogan is a willing, capable worker of high personality and sincere in making good. He takes great interest in the nursery business."



Visiting Farm School graduates on Mt. Ararat Farms (owned by Senator France), Port Deposit, Md. *Left to right:* Louis Wolf, Dean Goodling, Edward Seipp, '30 William Shipman, '30, President Allman, Nathan Werrin, '30, Louis Schlesinger.

Strang, '29, appreciates an older graduate helping a rookie. Is employed by Edgar Heesh. Likes his work and gives satisfaction.

Friedland's, '28, father purchased him a farm of 80 acres in Hamlin, N. Y. He is enthusiastic about his planning and planting, adding—"I wish I had Mr. Purnell here right now, I would pop plenty of questions at him."

Broadbent, '30, is happy on his work in the Mohawk Valley.

Riman, '30, is doing well in poultry work in the Poconos.

Miller, '29, is head gardener at the Hollidaysburg, Pa., Hospital.

LIMITED space precludes including many such interesting comments from well-satisfied graduates earning good "wages and keep". Our personal survey and unsolicited letters convince us that a large proportion of our boys are "making good" in their chosen vocation, because of their training at the School and love of the out-doors.

From many years' observation, it is my opinion that the first year after graduation is the crucial period in the embryo farmer's life. He misses the shelter and happy days at the School—homesickness is sometimes a factor—other discouragements occur which every lad must encounter when starting "out on his own" in any business or profession. This is the time when pluck, perseverance and stick-to-it-iveness are necessary and count.

You men of the Alumni by helping our first-year graduates over this period, including encouragement and friendly interest, will aid your school, as well as its graduates. Once passed the first discouraging period, they will find the advantages in their vocation and realize how far superior they are to those friends in city jobs. Their work is creative—has limitless possibilities for initiative—is healthy and keeps them out of doors. In a few years, through their experience and savings, they can own their own farm and be their own boss, while the white-collar city lad in many cases is still plugging along at the salary he started with, without much hope of improving his economic status.

It is my earnest hope, that during your July 4th Alumni Gathering, the fraternal spirit, as heretofore, will be encouraged and that more "lost sheep" be brought back to the fold.

With sincere greetings, including a hearty welcome to your old home from the Trustees of The National Farm School,

Sincerely yours,

HERBERT D. ALLMAN,
President.

AMONG THE OTHERS

Harvey Maltz, '28, has resigned his position as associate editor of the *Rural Digest* and is now press agent for certain New York Theatres.

Schwartz, '20 and Fertik, '29, after leaving Trexler's Orchards have gone into business for themselves, hoping soon to accumulate enough capital to start out on a modest orchard of their own.

David Kaplan, '30, is still convalescing from his operation.

Leon Rosenzweig, '29, now at Perkasio, Pa., has been given a chance to demonstrate his versatility on a pure bred Jersey herd and a general farm. We gleaned from an interview with the young man that he is well pleased in his new surroundings.

Milton Werrin and Ed Golden, '30, are now established in a poultry farm purchased by "Buck's" father.

Joseph Moser, '30, now at the Shallcross School, Byberry, Pa., is in charge of the Truck gardens.

Sol. Colton, '29, has turned to agriculture after an enforced stay in the city. He is at the Rock Ridge Farm, Richmond, Mass.

PHILADELPHIA CHAPTER NEWS

The regular monthly meeting was held June 15, in the Stephen Girard Hotel. Andrew Strong, '29, was elected secretary. An effort will be made to increase the membership of the chapter by admission of recent graduates.

Philly Chapter as usual, will be out in full force on Alumni Day.

ANDREW STRONG, '29.

CHICAGO CHAPTER NEWS

On the evening of May 28, the regular meeting of the Chicago Chapter N. F. S. Alumni was called to order. Food, only as the Hotel Sherman can serve it, was first in order. The several coursed meal was well seasoned with topical N. F. S. conversation. Anecdotes relating to many years of school life were recounted since classes from '01 to '29 were represented (at intervals).

Business, old and new, was promptly disposed of and long before the cigars and cigarettes were puffing, plans were made for the July pilgrimage to our Alma Mater. The pledge to attend was almost unanimous. Talk of chartering an airplane reached and passed its financial consideration, wives presenting the only interference.

Letters from Booker Stern, Sam Samuels, President Allman, Dean Goodling, Louis Schlesinger, Sam Rudley and Max Morris, were read.

Doings in the Eastern chapters were discussed and first-hand information was furnished by our guest, Abe Witkin, '13, of the New York Chapter.

While the evening was still young, we adjourned to Witkin's suite in the Sherman Hotel, where our guest displayed genuine N. F. S. hospitality until the wee small hours of the morning. While the expenses incurred were not so heavy, we feel sure that Carl Green learned the game and will probably be a master player at our next meeting.

Officially adjourning for the season, we all promised to be on hand July 4th to sing the "Green and Gold."

Here we are.

CARL H. KAHN,

Chicago Chapter.

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The News of the School,
The Jokes of the School,
The Work and Play of the School,
All to bring you back once more,
Sent to you for \$2.50 per year.

LITERARY

The Typewriter Romance

(A Saturday Evening Post Story)



There was a man who swore to keep his right fist clenched until a certain happening — now his nails are showing through the back of his hand. There are many men whose beards have grown wild, untouched by shears and razors, since Wilson was president, who will be eligible in that respect to Join the House of David, until another Democratic president enters the White House. And one poor chap is doomed to eat beans, breakfast, dinner and supper, till the day he dies, because he rashly (rashly?—insanely!) swore to live by this lentil until Boston wins a World Series. What a circle of Hell Dante could have imagined for such self-tortured mortals!

Most swearers of strange vows, like most crusaders, fanatics, and prohibitionists, are oldish men—at least, all who observe their promises to the letter are. The reason is simple; the old have plenty of obstinate temerity, worldly pride enough, and little hope to swear away: three traits which are the earmarks of advancing age. Rarely does youth compromise itself by eccentricity, though rashness is supposed to be an attribute of tender years.

But this is the story of a young and pretty girl, who almost ruined her whole life by an oath she made when she knew no better, which she couldn't forswear on account of pride. Her name was

Corona Remington. She was eighteen years of age, bright, attractive, lively and admired. Corona Remington. Corona, a typewriter; Remington, a typewriter; Corona Remington, a typist. She was fated from her christening day to be a stenographer. Her parents were either poets or wits, with all the irresponsibility of either title. The name had a stately music worthy of Milton, and revealed a wit, tinged with modern machinery, that was colored by the next literary period after Milton. Despite these artistic amenities, the name proved to be a misfortune. It was the one notable thing about her; she grew to love it, not for its musical roll, but for its freakish quality. She became a logical legend in her little town, an institution, like the home Washington stayed in one night, and the cannon in the Court House Square, supposed to be the one Molly Pitcher manned (or womaned) at the battle where her husband was shot down. She was pointed out to visitors. All this made her rather vain, scornful of ordinary mortals, especially of their unillustrious names.

Of course she had many suitors—she was quite charming in her own right—but she thought more of "Corona Remington" than of lovely Corry Remington. She thought it was Fame, and not her own sweet self, which the young men admired. So she snubbed them often, but they bore it for Corry's sake, if not for Corona's. Then Ripley heard of her. This was almost her undoing.

Now Mr. Ripley had run his "Believe It or Not" cartoons for several years, and was fast exhausting the seven million ephemeral wonders of the modern world.

One bright day on a train he heard a proud townsman boast of Corona, met her in the pursuit of business, drew her picture, footnoted her story; in short, immortalized her for those to whom Ripley is immortal. In the interview he had with her, she almost irremediably committed herself to everlasting spinsterhood, through a senseless oath obstinately persevered in. As Mr. Ripley was drawing her flushed, animated features, humorously bantering her the while to preserve her pretty loveliness, she chattered all about herself, and in the warmth of intellectual sympathy, so to speak, carried her parents' little joke to artistic consummation.

"I shall never marry anyone except of the name of Oliver or Underwood," she told him, smiling and nodding vivaciously; "I've got to keep some kind of typewriter in the family." Once she said this, and once Ripley had printed it, she couldn't go back on her word. The idea was a stroke of genius. Everybody laughed when they read it, and admired her more than ever. But it wasn't a laughing matter, really. She was internationally famous now; the syndicated press of the whole world was advertising for a suitable husband for her according to her desire. But not a John Oliver, not a Christopher Underwood in the universe, would join his name to hers. Perhaps they shied from the fame (in which case they would call it "notoriety"); perhaps they thought there was something unnatural, abnormal, like the garish atmosphere of a side show, in the girl; perhaps they were all married, and quite possibly they favored their own make of typewriter to the exclusion of all others.

However it was, she remained a maid, and would be so still, if it had been left to the Olivers and Underwoods. Her suitors, recognizing the hopelessness of their loves, and cursing their parents for not having a typewriter for a cognomen, all quit their tireless proposing, except two.

In these two men lay her salvation. One was a Jew named Schnitzsky, and the other an Irishman named Smith. (This is no joke.) You might laugh at the idea of a Jew named Schnitzsky marrying Corona Remington, proud of her name, and you might laugh, less uproariously, at Smith. But they were both handsome men each according to his race, and more than handsome, clever, and since next to her name Corona admired cleverness best, either might have had her if the other had not existed. Both had the wit to win. In the nature of things, polyandry not being practiced in this country, only one of them could marry her. One of them did.

Schnitzsky had his idea first. At a dance he led her out of the hall under the stars and said (I suppose):

"Corona, you are the most beautiful girl in the world," (as they do in the talkies) and he gave her a line which I haven't the poetry to repeat, and asked,

"Will you marry me?"

She puckered her nose cutely, tossed her chin into the air, hissed "S—sh—sh—sh — Schnitzs — sky" scornfully, and laughed. What chance had he, with a name like that? But love and he had the wit to win . . . almost.

"Did you ever hear of the Lucy Stone League?" he asked, drawing her to him.

If it hadn't been for Smith, he would have had her—in time.

Smith took her to the next dance. He was walking her home, proposing with all his might in his best blarney, with a

(Continued on page 32)

Pictures in The Fire

*Oft on a winter's evening, when lamps were
burning low, through windows
Dimly gleaming, out in the swirling snow,
I sat by my cozy fireside, lost in the realm
of dreams.
Of a Day gone by forever, only yesterday
it seems.*

*The firelight danced and flickered, around
that huge old room,
Casting dancing shadows into the further
gloom.
The silence was sometime broken by the
sound of the crackling flame,
And the North Wind's icy burden against
my window pane.*

*Thus I swiftly wandered over the span of
years,
Back to days of happiness, sometimes veiled
with tears.
Back to days of Childhood, with its sun-
shine bright and free,
And my parents' loving memory, a trea-
sure dear to me.*

*And then the scenes moved onward, each
one in its turn,
Painted clear and vivid where the fire did
burn.
In ever changing colors, the firelight would
attire
Those old familiar faces, in those pictures
in the fire.*

*In such a still deep solitude, my thoughts
oft wandered back,
From the busy world around me, to that
ever dimming track.
Where lie my sweetest memories, along with
deep regrets, of wrongs,
Of things unaccomplished, things I can't
forget.*

*Of friends whose smiles and characters my
pathway oft did light
And through the dim and passing years,
shine with a gleam more bright
Because my greed and jealousies, those
thick and blinding walls,
Fade away to nothingness, when they're be-
yond my calls.*

*Then the hours moved onward, a slow and
solemn race,
While the tall old clock in the shadows kept
ticking off the pace.
The firelight played and flickered, but not
as gay as before.*

*Dying away with the evening, fading more
and more.
Around crept the chill of midnight, and
with dull and dim attire,
My memories, beautiful pictures, vanished
with the fire.*

A. M.



Haying As I Saw It

TEN years have passed since the writer of these lines had the chance to see and take part in the active work of haying, which is so radically different from that we know. Because of the emotional background of it, the occasion is too clear in my mind to be forgotten, especially at this time of the year when our haying season is starting.

The majority of us, former residents of the city, who never saw a hay field in life before our first contact with the soil at the school, will scarcely realize the feelings aroused in the farmer's heart when haying is approaching. This lack of understanding will be much greater when, instead of an American farmer we take the European toiler of the soil, who is still innocently backward in his working methods.

As a matter of course, everything is made ready for the harvest, including provisions for food, bed clothing and many other things necessary to live for a certain period of time away from the city or village.

Sometimes, arrangements are made among the peasants in a certain neighborhood to do the haying collectively, with the result that, when combined, the labor could be used to a better advantage, and utilized more economically.

With the preparations made, all are impatiently looking forward to the day to start out for the fields, which are usually from five to fifteen miles away in the country.

At last the day arrives, and the combined families loaded on several carts drawn by single horses start out, with precautions taken that the young folk of the group should ride separately from the old ones. As the youths usually consist of members of both sexes, the trip eventually becomes an enjoyable excursion. Noise, chatter, laughter, whisper are frequently interrupted by a solo voice, singing, to which a number, if not all other strong voices are added, forming an excellent chorus. On the whole, the trip resembles the hay-ride which we know, but the resemblance is only in form; in reality, the former is much superior to the latter in its simplicity, and naturalness.

When arrived at the destination the people immediately look for a suitable spot to camp, and when found camp is cheerfully built. All other preparations have been made so that the necessary commodities are at hand, including a barrel of spring water and firewood supply.

While the men, rather the mowers, are inspecting the hay fields, measuring, calculating and prophesying the yields, the rest of the crew is busy preparing a meal, beds to sleep on and an emergency hut for an occasional rain.

With the approaching sunset the first supper of the campaign is served in the open. It seems to me that I still remember that particular evening. The air was almost motionless. It had been rather hot the whole day and we were longing for a fresh breeze. The meal was silently consumed with an unusual appetite. Two hours later the toilers were asleep on the newly prepared beds (blankets and other soft things such as hay and straw put on bare ground) stretched out in a semi-circle around the dying-out fire. The

night descended rapidly with a dense darkness. It was dreadfully isolated around, only the stars were gazing brightly at the sleepers. Only an occasional snore and the ceaseless noise of the restless grasshoppers broke the silence of the night.

The actual mowing begins with the break of day and ends at sunset, with intervals for meals.

Continual hand mowing is a heavy physical strain requiring much endurance, skill and above all—practice. It is a very attractive and exciting sight, watching a number of men walking down a slope swinging their sharp scythes in the air and have them drop down almost to the ground, simultaneously, keeping the same speed and pace. All at once they'll stop and sharpen their scythes with the stones held in their long boots and continue mowing till they reach the end of the field. Then with the scythes thrown on their shoulders, all will walk up the field, thence to start new rows. With such a routine the mowers continue working for several days. It is surprising how straight the wind rows are.

As soon as the rows are cured, the hay is raked into cocks by the other half of the crew, which consists of women, girls and youngsters. These operations, although not so strenuous, require good physical health and endurance to be able to stand the strain under the mercilessly baking hot sun. This work is done surprisingly fast. Later the cocks are stacked and are left on the field ready to be transported to the barns. Pitching the hay upon the wagon, the ride home on the top of the hayload and the unloading of it are acts completing the game.

With this the camping ends, and is broken up.

It is hardly necessary to describe the actual journey back from the fields. With faces freshly tanned from the blazing sun and hot winds, the youths are cheerful and express their joy in any way available. The older crowd, though calmer and serious, but satisfied with their toil, is powerless to resist the contagious spirit around them and unnoticeably become a part of the rest.

A short interval elapses and the next most important camping of the season is in full swing, that of harvesting the small grain crop, into which the entire strength and zeal of the farmer is thrown. HARRY PLOTKIN. '31.

The Panhandler

YOU'D be surprised, on walking down any of the main streets of a large city during the day, at the number of people who stop you, draw you over to the side and start giving you their various hard luck stories, in order to get a few cents from you. Panhandlers are what they are commonly called. The incident, which I am about to relate, happened to me in the wee hours of the morning, and as a panhandler, the young chap, whom I am about to introduce, was a darby.

Returning home early one warm Sunday morning from a party, I had decided to walk. On reaching one of the main streets, which was otherwise

deserted at that early hour, I was accosted by a chap who seemed to be in his early thirties. His face appeared haggard, worn and pinched from hunger. His eyes were sunk in, and his skin was the color of putty. When he talked he seemed surprisingly well educated and refined. At intervals his conversation was interrupted by a rasping cough.

Between these coughing fits, I gathered that he had once been fairly well-to-do, and had enjoyed good health. He took to drink, and the result was his present condition. He had developed consumption, and was told by a doctor, that if he didn't get to a different climate, he wouldn't live over the coming winter. He was hoping to get to Colorado some day, if he could get enough money together.

Somehow, while standing there listening to his story and thinking of the man he might have been, I was visualizing a place like Colorado Springs and a man brought back to health. His story touched something deep down in me. I reached down in my pocket and gave him all I had, which was only \$1.15. This he took with a disappointed look, and went off without even taking the trouble to thank me.

A few weeks later while glancing through one of the daily papers, I saw a picture of a face which looked strangely familiar. Under the picture were the headlines . . . "Professional Panhandler Arrested . . . Picked up at 4 A. M., while begging money on the streets" . . . I didn't have to read the rest, I kind of knew what would follow.

I wondered how many other people recognized that face . . . Well, such is life. . . .

ALBIE ROSEN.

THE DAY OF DAYS

Why all the rumpus, chatter, and laughter?

Why all the cars, people and excitement?

*Why all the singing, dancing and fun
galore?*

This must be the day of days.

Why all the freshmen sleeping on lawns?

Why all the slamming on S. B. S. doors?

*Why does not the Dean come running over?
Is this the day?*

Why all the fire hose stretched on the lawn?

*Why all the signs of Doylestown found on
the walks?*

*Why all the students in the A. A. room?
This is unusual!*

Why is my room so all upset?

Why are my pennants all over the floor?

*Why this strange person asleep in my bed?
My God, what day is this?*

Why all this noise at 2 A. M.?

*Why must they bother at this unearthly
hour?*

*Why don't they let me sleep? I have
details to do.*

This must be judgment day.

Why don't they cease? have they no homes?

Why, who is this coming into my abode?

*Why do? huh! what a sap I've been,
IT'S Alumni Day!!*

MORRIS DOGON.

AGRICULTURE

WHAT'S DOING ON THE OLD PLACE

IN GENERAL AGRICULTURE

SPUDS came up 90 percent. Weekly facials of Bordeaux have commenced. . . . Barley in great shape. Better than the oats were at this time last year. . . . Plenty of hay this year. Clover at No. 4 is mighty nice. . . . Wheat will be ready about July 1st. Take off your shirts now! . . . Corn looks great.

Some replanting at No. 6. Darn those crows! . . . Soybeans planted as green manure crop for next year's spuds at No. 3. What's good for the Chinks is good for the spuds, too. . . . Whatever else that isn't mentioned is doing fine too. Look around for yourself.

IN THE HORTICULTURAL DEPARTMENT

One more spray apiece for apples and peaches, and the job is over till next season. Peaches will be thinned, and all the orchards will receive new linoleum, in the form of cover crops, soon. All vegetables have responded to fertilizer applications, the tomatoes showing the greatest benefit. Our early sweet corn is about the best in the country, and will provide many juicy ears. Cabbage looks nice, and is forming heads. Lots of people don't have heads until they are old, or at least there's nothing in them. Cauliflower is being tied up for blanching, and celery is replacing the eggplants and peppers, which are being moved from the cold frames to the field. We'll have peas shortly, and the spinach is already gone. Most of the crops are bringing in good money, especially strawberries, asparagus, and rhubarb.

IN THE LANDSCAPE DEPARTMENT

Practically all of the campus clean-up and face-lifting was completed by Big Day. The lawns are still receiving their weekly shaves by our capable artists of the whirling blades. The plantings around the administration and mechanics buildings were a great success because of the careful work and plenty of watering.

The Nursery is now receiving careful attention. It is being weeded and cultivated, Perennial flowers are being transplanted and new beds are being made. A sowing of beech seeds came up very successfully, as did the sowings of seeds of various evergreens.

IN FLORICULTURE

Mums and more mums. All the benches are being de-benched in the back house, and will be beds in the near future. By July 4 we expect to have the entire back house all mummied up, technically speaking, with seven recent varieties. Geraniums and Snaps contributed a good share to the profits. The stock snaps for next year are being transplanted outside, and are mostly all Roman Golds (not Old Golds). There will be about 12,000 Asters, medium, early and late.

AROUND THE BEES

The honey house at No. 2 is receiving a new floor, and being fixed up in general. Swarming is being prevented by creating artificial swarms, which can be easily caught and hived. Some queens are being replaced, proving that man even dominates queens, although it doesn't really mean much. A slight outbreak of American Foul brood was immediately checked by a good roasting of all infected hives and brood frames. Seven colonies were placed at No. 6, to do the sweet thing by the clover fields there.

AT THE DAIRY

Turning the cows out on pasture brought our production up to 900 quarts daily. Still no answer to the problem of a black and white cow eating green grass and giving white milk, from which we make yellow butter. By the way, we are making some butter and cottage cheese occasionally, to the great delight of the student body and Sooper, our most ardent advocate of butter. Weinstein now has 16 cows at No. 1 and may practice his pet theories wholesale, if Mr. Cook doesn't catch him.

At the main barn we have 58 cows milking, several of which are doing creditable work on Advanced Registry Test. The Dean is giving us some new pointers on conserving pasture by keeping the cows in the barn at night. Undoubtedly it is an excellent idea, and we anxiously await results.

WITH THE POULTRY

We have ten summer range houses set out, accommodating about 2,000 pullets; 300 broilers have been sold, going the way of all flesh. All houses are being cleaned out weekly to prevent Coccidiosis, Enteritis, and Laziness. An immense giant of the primeval wood crashed to the ground near the brooder house just near enough to scare two seniors, who were, undoubtedly, very busy at the time. Two feet nearer, and the department would have had a new brooder house.

Sheep

NOW that Farm School is practically assured of a flock of sheep, it might be well for the uninitiated to brush up a bit on the nature and habits of the woolly ones. Sheep psychology may not mean anything to you now, but should you happen to be of the few that will undoubtedly care for our flock, you will forever after rue the day you failed to take heed. As far as reasoning power and perceptive ability of sheep are concerned, there is nothing to be said, as both of these worthy attributes are conspicuous by their absence. When the shepherd attempts to drive the gamboling flock before him, what can be more disconcerting than to have a few, slightly intelligent, leaders walk up to him, followed by the remainder of the flock! "Follow the leader" is the motto by which sheep live, and often die.

If a baby lamb were to start chasing a fluttering butterfly; or an old ewe to run from here to nowhere after her own shadow, the entire flock lends it moral support by also being present.

The ram is not the bold and belligerent leader that many overworked imaginations have invented. Once in a while a ram will chase a dog or a boy, but should either stop running, the ram would also stop, and most likely reverse in high gear. In large flock management the accepted practice is to put a couple of goats in the flock. The goat is not known, officially, to be a fearless dog killer, but by mere reasoning ability he refuses to be frightened and stampeded by dogs. Of course, wolves are sometimes a serious menace, but the presence of the herder will usually keep him and his jackal or coyote relations away. The sheep will soon recognize the superiority

of the goats, as far as brain is concerned, and will flock around them when they refuse to be scared into running. A flock of sheep that will not run presents an unusual problem to stray dogs, and the additional factor of a stubborn and cool-headed goat will usually induce him to change his bill-of-fare from lamb to rabbit.

In the western and southwestern range section "sheeping" is done in a big way. The sheep are banded together in flocks of from 2,500 to 3,000 head. One herder has entire charge of each band, following them in a camp wagon, which is really a portable, one-man bungalow. The vocation is a very lonesome one, and no sinecure for one who likes company. The best way to secure company on the range is to swear out loud, then sit back and listen to the coyotes laughing at you. For months on end the herder does not see a human being, and his dogs are his only companions.

The dog is indispensable in sheep range country, and is the loyal and willing helper of the herder. They do not know what labor unions are, and work overtime without complaint. This is not the place to deliver a eulogy on dogs, but they must be mentioned as one of the factors of success with ranching sheep.

The sheep are usually driven to the grassy foothills of the mountain ranges where the pasture is luxuriant and nutritious. They graze during the early morning, and are driven to water at forenoon. Here they rest in shady corners till the sun's rays have lost their burning intensity, when they slowly wander back to graze. In the evening they are driven to the "bedding ground", or night pasture, where they are settled

for the night by merely grouping around the herder's wagon. The rest of the evening is free to the herder, if no unforeseen complications arise. The men usually smoke or read most of the evening, doing their snoozing during the hot noonday rest.

Lambing is a critical stage of sheep raising. Practically all of the little ones come into this turbulent world in the springtime, usually in April or May. In a few short weeks it is all over till next year. Each evening during the season, those ewes who will probably lamb overnight are usually found lagging behind, and are bunched together in 50's. They are not driven along with the

flock until the lambs are able to trot along; and only when they know their mothers from the 49 identical mothers in the group. At lambing time the herder usually has extra men, one to each "cut", or bunch of 50 ewes. With good management and plenty of grass and water, the normal yearly increase is about 150 per cent.

Sheep raising is an absorbing and interesting study, and there is much available literature on the subject. Most of this material is helpful and instructive, but a lot is entertaining, not to say amusing. By study and observation, one may learn much about these woolly nit-wits, and even make money at it.

SIDNEY STONE, '32.



MORE FACTS

1. Asparagus, rhubarb, and horse radish are the most important perennial crops of the American garden. They were all brought to this country during early colonization days.

2. A chemical method by which the maturity of the cantaloupe can be easily determined has been discovered and has proved successful in its practical application.

3. Good crops and increased prices have materially improved the financial position of the farmer.

4. Certified milk is milk which contains not more than 10,000 bacteria per cubic centimeter upon reaching the consumer.

5. Bitterweed when eaten by dairy cows will give the milk a bitter astringent taste.

6. The cause of mosaic diseases is an ultra microscopic virus so small that it passes through ordinary filter paper.

7. From 200,000-300,000 acres are required to grow sufficient corn to supply the demand for this product canned.

8. \$50,000,000 worth of manure is being wasted annually in the U. S. through the loss by leaching and weathering.

9. The return from the annual poultry crop in the U. S. would build two Panama canals. The building of the Panama canal cost approximately \$300,000,000.

10. 90 percent of the flies breed in horse manure, therefore, destroy breeding places. Spread your manure in summer weekly. This will save your manure and destroy the flies' eggs.

B. ZEIDER, '31.



Bird and Animal Life



THE GREAT HORNED OWL—BUBO VIRGINIANUS (GMELIN)

The great horned owl is known as a permanent resident in New York State and also in the heavy wooded districts of Pennsylvania. The increase of civilization has driven this bird from its former haunts, now settled by man. It has taken to the deep-fastnesses of ravines, large swamps and mountain woods. But if undisturbed it will sometimes nest for years in groves or scattered growths of trees, near farmhouses or the outskirts of villages. The scarcity of hollow trees has led to the destruction of broods reared in open nests. This has been an important factor in the gradual decline of this species in New York State. The general scarcity of this bird and the Red Fox, has undoubtedly led to the increase of the Ring-neck Pheasant and Cottontail.

The Great Horned Owl is known as the Tiger of its tribe, because of its fierceness and daring disposition. It will prey upon birds larger than itself, and small animals, therefore causing great destruction in poultry yards. The call of the horned owl is a deep and long-drawn tone— whoo - hoo - hoo - hoo, whoo-who, which is often mistaken as a baying dog. This bird nests early in the season and fresh eggs are usually found in New York State from February 20th to March 15th. They are 2 to 3 in number, colored white, diameter 2.22-

1.80 inches. Their nest is either in a hollow tree or a deserted hawk's nest. When young are in the nest, the parent birds show no mercy to the intruder, not even to a Lynx.

GREAT BLUE HERON—ARDEA HERODEAS LINNAEUS

THE Great Blue Heron is a common and well-known transient visitant in all parts of Pennsylvania. It inhabits large swamps, streams, lakes and rivers. The average arrival in most localities is about March 30th. The greatest number depart for the



south between the 5th and 20th of November. They breed in the early spring and build their nests in the tops of large trees near their fishing grounds. The nest is made up of large

sticks, and is rather flat. The eggs are 3 to 6 in number and of a pale greenish color, with a diameter of 2.5 to 1.5 inches. The young remain in

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FARM SCHOOL	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Liskowitz, 2nd b.....	2	1	0	5	2	0
Caplan, s.s.....	5	2	3	1	1	2
Winkler, 1st b.....	5	2	3	6	0	0
Kleinman, p. c. f.....	4	1	1	1	0	0
Boutlier, p.....	3	1	1	0	1	0
Spiller, l. f.....	2	0	1	2	1	1
Fineberg, c.....	3	0	0	11	0	0
Grisdale, r. f.....	3	2	1	0	1	0
Korn, 3rd b.....	4	1	1	1	2	1
Total.....	31	10	11	29	8	4

FARM SCHOOL SPILLS WILLIAMSON

The Green and Gold traveled to Williamson Trade School, and after playing their most sensational ball of the season hung up their sixth straight victory. The final reckoning was 13 to 11.

The ball game was anybody's until the eighth inning when, with the bags loaded and two outs, Spiller lashed the ball to deep center for a home run which broke the stalemate and won the game. Prior to this soulful swat, the game was crammed with action and thrills in which first one team and then the other took the lead.

Although Spiller was the outstanding star of the game, due credit must be given to our fighting captain, Phil Kleinman, who the inning before had pounded out a homer with two on base and to Phil Spivak, who relieved Boutlier in the seventh inning and saved the game.

WILLIAMSON TRADE	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Farwell, s. s.....	4	2	1	1	0	1
Weaver, 3rd b.....	5	4	3	1	0	0
Brown, p.....	3	2	2	4	1	0
Schlegel, 1st b.....	5	2	2	2	0	0
Palmer, r. f.....	5	0	1	1	0	0
Horocks, c. f.....	4	1	1	2	1	0
Noll, 2nd b.....	5	0	2	3	1	1
Spaecht, l. f.....	5	0	2	0	1	0
Horton, c.....	0	0	0	5	1	0
Mollers, c.....	5	0	1	8	0	0
Total.....	41	11	15	27	5	2

FARM SCHOOL	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Liskowitz, 2nd b.....	4	1	1	4	2	0
Caplan, s. s.....	5	2	1	1	6	1
Winkler, 1st b.....	4	1	8	8	0	1
Kleinman, p. c. f.....	5	3	4	0	0	0
Boutlier, p, l. f.....	4	3	3	2	1	1
Spiller, l. f.-r. f.....	4	2	2	2	0	1
Fineberg, c.....	5	0	5	5	3	0
Grisdale, r. f.....	0	0	0	0	1	0
Korn, 3rd b.....	4	1	0	5	2	0
Spivak, p.....	1	0	0	0	1	0
Total.....	36	13	11	27	16	41

GREEN AND GOLD WINS FINAL

The National Farm School's great baseball team finished its season in a blaze of glory by decisively defeating Lansdale High, 9 to 2, thus keeping its record free from the stain of defeat. It was their seventh victory.

All the boys played wonderful ball both at bat and afield. Due to the absence of Captain Kleinman, Coach Samuels shifted the line-up slightly by putting Boutlier in center-field and pitching Spivak. Although Lansdale led us by a two-run margin at the end of the fourth inning, the aggies were not to be baffled; and one of those well-known Farm School rallies in the fifth clinched the game for us.

Three stars of the day were Spivak, who fanned 14 men, and Spiller and Winkler, who connected safely three times each.

LANSDALE HIGH SCHOOL	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Schulze, c.....	4	1	3	8	0	0
Keating, 3rd b.....	4	0	0	3	1	0
O'Donnell, s. s.....	3	0	1	3	0	0
Moyer, c. f.....	4	0	1	2	0	0
Alderfer, 1st b.....	3	0	0	3	0	0
Musselman, 2nd b.....	4	0	0	1	0	0
Detwiler, l. f.....	2	0	0	5	0	0
Fretz, r. f.....	4	0	1	1	0	0
Dwier, p.....	3	1	1	1	1	1
Total.....	31	2	7	27	2	1

FARM SCHOOL	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Liskowitz, 2nd b.....	3	1	0	3	1	0
Caplan, s. s.....	4	1	1	0	1	0
Winkler, 1st b.....	6	2	3	6	0	0
Boutillier, c. f.....	3	1	0	0	0	0
Spiller, l. f.....	3	2	3	2	0	0
Fineberg, c.....	5	0	1	14	2	0
Grisdale, r. f.....	2	1	0	1	0	0
Harmon, r. f.....	2	0	1	0	0	0
Korn, 3rd b.....	4	0	0	1	1	0
Spivak, p.....	4	1	2	0	1	1
Total.....	36	9	11	27	6	1



FROM THE SCOREBOOK

	OPPONENTS		N. F. S.	
	RUNS	HITS	RUNS	HITS
Brown Prep.....	6	7	11	9
Palmer School.....	7	7	12	9
Temple High.....	5	7	8	9
Wilmington Trade.....	5	11	13	18
La Salle.....	5	9	10	11
Williamson Trade.....	11	15	13	12
Lansdale.....	2	7	9	11
Total.....	41	63	76	79
Average per game.....	5.8	9	10.8	11.1



	BATTING	FIELDING
PLAYER	AVERAGES	AVERAGES
Liskowitz, 2nd b.....	.304	.977
Caplan, s.s.....	.280	.741
Winkler, 1st b.....	.281	.891
Kleinman, c. f.....	.583	.875
Boutillier, p.-c. f.....	.591	.813
Nicholson, 3rd b.....	.615	.882
Fineberg, c.....	.107	.948
Grisdale, r. f.....	.067	.778
Spiller, l.-r. f.....	.529	.778
Korn, 3rd b.....	.111	.952
Spevak, p.....	.500	.714
Harmon, r. f.....	.250	.000
Edelman, c.....	.000	1.000
Elson, r. f.....	.000	1.000
Average for team....	.335	.894

INTERDORM BASEBALL

The interdorm baseball league, after getting away to a fine start, slowed down to a walk during the last two weeks. To date the three floors of Ulman Hall have won all their games and seem to be running away with the rest of the league. The favorite for the championship, however, is first floor Ulman, who with the unbeatable battery of Shindelman and Edelman, have piled up the impressive

total of four victories, two more than their nearest rival. Second and third floors Ulman can still be counted in the running, although their chances are slim.

Manager "Pete" Gorenberg of third floor is still hopeful of winning however, while Captain Mickey Seidman of second floor refuses to express his opinion as to the outcome.

M. SOOPFER.

Juniors Win The Boxing Bouts

THE Junior-Freshman boxing bouts came off with a bang at the gym, Friday evening, May, 1930, with the upper classmen winning rather handily 5 bouts to 2. Although the Freshmen made a fair showing in the first four fights, lack of suitable opponents for the Juniors in the 160, 175, and other heavyweight divisions caused them to forfeit these events which made victory for them impossible.

The big noise of the evening was Kayo Kid Zolton who sparred off with Freshman Freedman in the opening prelim. The Kayo Kid rushed Freedman from the first gong of the bell and after an even first round knocked him out with a terrific right cross to the jaw in the second. Up to the end the Freshman had put up a plucky fight against his stronger foe.

The second battle between Pollachek, '33, and Mickey Seidman, '32, was at 125 lbs. The boys went at it in slam bang fashion from the opening round, with Seidman ever trying to put over a haymaker. The freshman's superior skill, however, enabled him to cop the battle from his courageous opponent.

Klein, '33, and Freeman, '32, met in the 135-pound event. Both boys seemed to be in great form and fought a fast fight throughout although, they tired somewhat in the late rounds. At the end of three rounds the fight was so close that a fourth round was found necessary. Freeman, although the aggressor in the last round, dropped the hairline decision to the freshman.

The last bout of the night between Junior Pitt and Freshman Schnoll at 145 lbs. marred an otherwise enjoyable evening when Pitt was fouled in the second round and was awarded the fight. At the cessation of hostilities the junior had slightly the better of the argument.

"Gyp" Rosen, the big rocker-socker man from the Junior class was raring to go in the next fight, when the freshman forfeited.

Officials were: Price, referee; Dean Goodling and Mr. Weigle, judges; and Mr. Stangle, time-keeper.

CLASSES AND CLUBS

During the month of June, activity among the classes and clubs was not great. In every case the work started in the beginning of the year has been carried on faithfully. More trips are being planned: the Poultry Club will visit some hatcheries, the Dairy Club will send its judging team into competition; the Band has been booked for a number of concerts outside the campus. A newcomer—

the Literary Society is opening its doors to new members.

The Senate and Council have been prominent in their respective fields. It cannot be denied that interclass and social events have moved very smoothly so far. Thanks go to the Orchestra for its good work at the dances.

The Faculty Picnic and other affairs are in store for the student body during the summer.

CAMPUS NEWS

FOUNDER'S DAY

JUNE 11.

Ideal weather, or as President Allman expressed it in his message of greetings, "Krauskopf Weather", was with us. A crowd of 2500 people was gathered on the campus to celebrate the thirty-third annual exercises, dedicated to the Founder of the School, the late Dr. Joseph Krauskopf.

Congressman Franklin W. Fort, of New Jersey, the well-known agricultural expert and eloquent orator, was the guest of honor. He delivered an excellent speech, concentrating on "Production and Marketing Efficiency—the Farmers' Hope."

Sixty memorial and festive trees were dedicated in an address given by Grant Wright of Philadelphia.

Mr. Louis Schlesinger of Newark, N. J., Chairman of the National Board of the School, presided.

ABOUT THE N. F. S. HISTORY

A special inquiry sent to the writer of the History of N. F. S., Mr. Samuel S. Feinberg of New York City, brought the following reply:

"It will take months of steady and consistent reading to go through the year books, record books, GLEANERS, and other literature which have been accumulated in the 33 years of the life of the School. After that, the actual writing will be undertaken. As soon as any definite progress is ready to be announced the GLEANER will be duly notified."

HORT SOCIETY GOES TO RUTGERS

UNDER the auspices of the Horticultural Society, a party of forty students with Mr. Purmell and Mr. Fleming, made a trip to New Brunswick, June 11th, to attend the annual Field Day of the agriculture school of Rutgers University. Those who went agreed that the trip was instructive and interesting.

The party left Farm School by bus shortly after breakfast and arrived at the college at 9:30 A. M. Under Mr. Purmell's guidance the group visited the greenhouse and outdoor gardens where they observed different experiments.

An assembly was held on the college campus before luncheon and the audience was addressed by Dr. J. G. Lipman, Dean and Director of the school, and Dr. Carl E. Ladd, Director of the Extension Service at Cornell University.

After luncheon the group was divided into three separate parties, those going to the horticulture farm, those going to the dairy and those going to the poultry department. Experts in these lines discussed and demonstrated the latest discoveries of their departments.

Other objects of interest included the information exchange, where information on thirty-three subjects from soils to home economics was given. The exhibition of the various makes of tractors and the agricultural museum, showing early farm implements, drew crowds. Many college bulletins and machinery catalogs were distributed gratuitously.

Manual Training

IN DISCUSSING the Manual Training work just introduced, Mr. McQuigg, the instructor in Manual Training, spoke of the superior preparation along mechanical lines, students of the 1931 class and its successors will have over previous classes. Whatever experience was gotten by classes prior to 1931 was meagre indeed, due to lack of equipment and a definitely arranged plan of courses covering this work. But this serious defect has been changed with the erection of the Mechanics Building and the installation of modern equipment.

Two rooms in the basement of the building have been amply fitted out to teach the latest methods of forging, woodwork, soldering, plumbing, horse-shoeing, and cement work. The forge shop has eight forges, allowing eight students to work at one time. Much work has been done by students already in repairing single-trees, making forge tools. Much more work along the lines of welding and soldering is anticipated this summer when the harvest season sets in and necessary repairs are to be made.

Of equal importance with the forge shop is the carpenter shop. Here ten benches with sets of tools provide space for an equal number of students working simultaneously. The value of the training in the use of carpenter's tools will be inestimable later on, especially if a student establishes himself on his own farm. Students assist in the repair and construction work about the School, thus accustoming their hands to the use of tools. Their services have already been utilized to great advantage in constructing several poultry houses.

According to Mr. McQuigg, the stu-

dent completing the course will not only be able to apply his knowledge intelligently on his own farm but will be able to supervise this work when done by others.

It might be added that, on the completion of the Manual Training courses, instruction in various branches of farm machinery is begun; in most cases, such courses are required, but in a few instances in Senior year they are elective. Thus a student has the opportunity to pursue studies in the mechanic arts during the entire duration of his schooling.

FARM MACHINERY

The Farm Machinery Department has just received a shipment of the latest machinery for farm work, manufactured by the John Deere Co., McCormick Deering Co., and the International Harvester Co. It will be assembled and placed in the new Farm Machinery Building's show rooms for the inspection of students, neighboring farmers, and visitors.

The Farmall Tractor, the latest tractor invented for the production of better crops, has also been received. It will be worth every student's time to see this piece of wonderful machinery. Improvements of all tractors have been assembled and built into the new Farmall.

Orthodox Synagogue services are held every Friday evening at sundown in the Chapel. The students conduct these services themselves and do it in a creditable manner. Those in charge extend an invitation to all students who are interested.

CAMPUS CHATTER

FARM SCHOOL DAY BY DAY

Horowitz, while looking for weeds in a nursery row, hoes out six rose bushes.

Sam Goldfarb has another runaway.

DEAN GOODLING TIRES OF WARNING BASEBALL PLAYERS ABOUT PLAYING ON THE LAWN, AND ASKS SENIOR G. TO DO IT FOR HIM.

Phil Kleinman received a warm welcome on his return to school.

Rosen is again overwhelmed by an enthusiastic reception as a dinner speaker.

WHAT IS HAPPENING TO THE STRAWBERRY PATCH? . . .

Much enthusiasm is being shown by tennis fiends since the courts have been O. K.'d.

Abe Aaronson was seen walking around the campus with a girl on Big Day. Evidently, his mother doesn't know about it.

"BIG DAY" WAS REALLY A BIG DAY.

NO, CITRON, YOU WON'T FIND VIRGINS IN VIRGIN FORESTS.

It all comes in a lifetime. The Freshmen think they gained in weight every time their trousers are laundered.

SOMETIMES THE FRESHMAN ARE BAWLED OUT EVEN IF THEY OBEY ORDERS. FOR INSTANCE, AN UPPERCLASSMAN TOLD A FRESHMAN TO WIPE THE GRIN OFF HIS FACE. HE DID. HE BROKE OUT INTO A LAUGH.

Someone told me that Segal Hall had a swimming pool. I was a bit doubtful, but he convinced me that they do have a swimming Poole. His first name is Eugene.

H. H. to M. B.—"Does that N. E. on your sweater stand for North West?"

Farm School introduces a new type of talking pictures. Exclusive performance every Sunday evening.

Department trips are becoming the rage.

THE GANG IS WARMING UP FOR THE COMING FOOTBALL SEASON IF THE SUNDAY EVENING TOUCH-FOOTBALL SCRAPS MEAN ANYTHING.

Prince breaks the wire tape at a mile per minute pace, with the Landscape squad in hot pursuit.

Though absent for some time, Joe Nicholson, our flashy third-baseman, is still the topic of conversation, whenever and wherever his friends get together. In all sincerity we wish him a speedy and complete recovery from his unfortunate injury.

DEAR ROGER: PLEASE LEARN THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A DOMESTICATED CAT AND A KITTY WITH THREE STRIPES!

To whom it may concern: Green caps in lockers or drawers tend to become moth-eaten.

Mutterings by A Mutt

By R. RUBIN



Go straight—look what happened to the pretzel.

It might be love that makes the world go 'round, but did you ever swallow a chew of tobacco?

Some Americans drink Moonshine just to assert their liberty. "Give us liberty or give us death!"

"Tex," drew a flower in his Botany notebook which was so natural,—a bee pollinated it.



Most men are satisfied with little, especially when a chorus girl's clothes are concerned.

Bernstein—"If a pretty girl let her eyes fall, what would you do?"

Marks—"I would try to catch 'em."

Bee stings in the ankle are good for the sick list. See M. Plotkin.

KAUFMAN STILL WANTS TO KNOW THE CURE FOR HAY FEVER.

A. W.—"Did your uncle remember you in his will?"

Mink—"Yeh—he left me out of it."

When you feel sick consult Dr. Moore. It is better to be inspected when infected than dissected when infected.

Horowitz—"Why is a woman like the Northwest Mounted Police?"

Gen. Fuchs—"Don't know."

Horowitz—"She gets her man."

Some people spend a lifetime collecting old coins. Others spend a lifetime trying to get hold of any kind of coins.

In the vegetable popularity contest the onion wins by a nose.

Because a girl wears pumps, it is no sign she has water on the brain.



A Scotchman bought a sun-dial so there wouldn't be any wear and tear on it on cloudy days.

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WE'RE ON A DIET NOW

*Bill, our waiter, makes us sore,
It is no use to ask for more;
He trots right past us like a streak
And makes us wish to shed some gore.*

*The other waiters come and go,
In and out, and to and fro.
They bring out eats both rich and rare (?)
But Bill ain't here and Bill ain't there.*

*We wait and wait and wait and wait,
Our appetites to satiate.
We know he's there somewhere inside,
But maybe he's just up and died.*

*At last he comes—we tear our hair
And grit our teeth in our despair,
As walking quickly down the aisle
He never sees our plate so bare.*

*There comes a time in each man's life
When in his heart is ire and strife.
And that time always comes to us
When Bill flies by and makes us cuss.*

*Ofttimes we wonder where he roams,
Where he hides, and why he groans.
Alas! Alack! we've just found out.
It was his turn to roll them bones.*

*Some day we'll rise up in our wrath,
And exercise the good old lath,
Our dear old Bill we'll take outside
And treat him to a healthy ride.*

LEE L.

THE TYPEWRITER ROMANCE

(Continued from page 13)

trump card in his pocket. When she remained obdurate right up to her doorstep, he pulled the advertisement out of his pocket. He waved it before her eyes.

"Did you never hear of Smith typewriters?" he triumphantly shouted. She saw the ad by the light on the porch, gave a little gasp, and fell into his arms.

She married a typewriter after all, albeit a humble Smith. M. G.

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